

She fought his booth, and from the crowd,
Defy'd the man of art aloud.

- ' Is this then he so fam'd for flight,
- ' Can this low bungler cheat your sight,
- ' Dares he with me dispute the prize?
- ' I leave it to impartial eyes.

Provok'd the Juggler cry'd, 'Tis *done*,
In science I submit to none.
'Thus said; the cups and balls he play'd;
By turns, this here, that there, convey'd;
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds;
His little boxes change the grain,
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shews all fair,
His fingers spread, and nothing there,
Then bids it rain with showers of gold,
And now his iv'ry eggs are told;
But when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.

Vice now slept forth, and took the place,
With all the forms of his grimace.

' This

- ' This magic looking-glass, she cries,
 - ' There, hand it round, will charm your eyes.'
- Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
And every man himself admir'd.

Next to a Senator addressing;
See this *Bank-Note*; observe the blessing:
Breathe on the bill, heigh, pass! 'Tis gone;
Upon his lips a padlock shone.
The second puff the magic broke,
The padlock vanish'd and he spoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,
All full with heady liquor stor'd,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.

A purse she to the thief expos'd,
At once his ready fingers clos'd;
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled,
He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids ambition hold a wand,
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.

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